

In light of reading your newsletter I happened upon this during my other reading and thought your readers might appreciate it. [Ron has a unique cafe with thousands of books and a 99 cent breakfast of eggs, toast and coffee.]

Ron Lyschik, Black & White Cafe, 116 SE First Street, Little Falls, MN 56345.

The threat... the predominant practices of daily life.
by Eric Fromm

Here man ceased to seek in himself the supreme purpose of living and has made himself an instrument serving the economic machine his own hands have built. He is concerned with efficiency and success rather than with his happiness.... More specifically the orientation which most endangers... I have called the "marketing orientation" of modern man.

The marketing orientation has established its dominant role as a character pattern only in the modern era. In the personality market all professions, occupations, and statuses appear. Employer, employee, and freelance--each must depend for material success on personal acceptance by those who would use his services.

Here, as in the commodity market, use value is not sufficient to determine exchange value. The "personality factor" takes precedence over skills in the assessment of market value and most frequently plays the deciding role. While it is true that the most winning personality cannot make up for a total lack of skill--indeed, our economic system could not function on such a

basis--it is seldom that skill and integrity alone account for success. Success formulae are expressed in such terms as "selling oneself," getting one's personality across, "and "soundness," "ambition," "cheerfulness," "aggressiveness," and so forth, which are stamped on the prize-winning personality package. Such other intangibles as family background, clubs, connections, and influence are also widely regarded as one of the requirements for success. Every profession, every field has its successful personality type. The salesman, the banker, the foreman, and the headwaiter have met the requirements, each in a different way and to a different degree. but their roles are identifiable, they have measured up the essential condition: to be in demand.

Inevitably man's attitude toward himself is conditioned by these standards for success. His feeling of self-esteem is not based primarily on the value of his powers and the use he makes of them in a given society. It depends on his salability on the market, or the opinion others have about his "attractiveness." He experiences himself as a commodity designed to attract on the most favorable, the most expensive terms. The higher the offered price the greater the affirmation of his value. Commodity man hopefully displays his label, tries to stand out from the assortment on the counter and to be worthy of the highest price tag, but if he is passed by while others are snapped up he is convicted of inferiority and

worthlessness. However high he may be rated in terms of both human qualities and utility, he may have the ill-luck--and must bear the blame--of being out of fashion.

From early childhood he has learned that to be in fashion is to be in demand and that he too must adapt to the personality mart. But the virtues he is taught--ambition, sensitivity, and adaptability to the demands of others--are qualities too general to provide the patterns of success. He turns to popular fiction, the newspapers, and the movies for more specific pictures of the success story and finds the smartest, the newest models on the market to emulate.

It is hardly surprising that under these circumstances men's sense of his value must suffer severely. The conditions for his self-esteem are beyond his control. He is dependent on others for approval and in constant need of it; helplessness and insecurity are the inevitable results. Man loses his own identity in the marketing orientation; he becomes alienated from himself.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND RELIGION, 1950, (Houghton Mifflin)

Escape!

When we think that we are part-of-the-whole and think that we are dependent on how the other parts value us--that doesn't leave us with much of a sense of independence and freedom. We then are in a dependency relationship and that steals our power, i.e., our freedom.

But most of us must play this game at least until we have saved up a little money in order to take a little independence (free time) to re-evaluate our life and get our self on a track of our own choosing.

BOOK SPECIALS

I WAS ROBOT (Utopia Now Possible), 319 page paperback. List price \$7.95. This book explains how I escaped from the Rat Race when I was 42 years old. It describes a better Game to play and has a few funky stories.

FREE I GOT. 326 page paperback. List price \$8.95. This book presents more ways to escape and has a lot of blabber in it that tickles some people's fancies.

Special to LFP readers, \$4.95 for each book, plus \$1.05 postage for one book. (foreign add \$.50) \$1.48 postage for two books. (foreign add \$1.00)

The mass media continuously bombards us with the urge to buy beyond our means to keep us in debt, i.e., dependent on the system and our job and too busy to figure out a better life.

Fortunately, some of us are getting wise to the game and are earning and saving our way to our freedom, i.e., to our own little Utopias.

My Bible

When I was about 17 years old I was introduced by an uncle to a book which soon became my Bible and my key to success. It helped me overcome my severe inferiority complex and learn to get what I wanted.

That book was copyrighted in 1936. I carried it with me in 1945 in the Navy. I recently found a copy at a garage sale and am now re-reading it. It is just as powerful and meaningful today as it was in 1944. That book was written by Dale Carnegie. It is called HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. Get it! It will give you ideas on how to gain skills and help you merchandise them. A little stash of money is handy to have even if you choose a life of volunteer simplicity. Believe me!

Visitor

June 5th a LFP reader from California stopped in for a few days. We had lots of good raps about the PES.

Garden

My garden is doing well. Some of the potato plants are about a foot high. The birds have been hunting in my garden all the time. I hope they eat all the bugs. I haven't seen any potato bugs or cabbage worms yet. The Robins collect their pay in the strawberry rows. There are wild rabbits around. I suppose they will collect their duty when the carrots and lettuce get bigger.

Today, on 6-18-94, I bought two apple trees and a few more vegetable sets and planted them. Some people have told me that if everyone went back to the land, they would mostly die because they wouldn't know how to raise their own food. What a lot of crap! Gardening is as easy as falling off a log. All the seed packets tell you all you need to know about planting. Nature does the rest. Of course it is good to read up a little on how to combat or prevent plant diseases and bugs. One would need to know how to read to do this. So I suppose the kids who re-

fused to learn in school would not be able to survive unless they were content with only potatoes. They are sure easy to raise. And if you have potato bugs, all you have to do is pick them off. If one can read there may be better things to do. I'll tell you later. So far I have no bugs. Maybe it is because I talk to the birds who live here and they patrol my garden.

Black Bart Brigade

A paper for middle-aged outlaws. This underground paper started around the time that LFP did. Irv Thomas is my age (67) and every so often he still sends out a newsletter. Irv has hitch-hiked and bicycled a lot. He knows how to stretch a dollar 'til it squeaks. He knows how to play the system to get what he wants. Irv spent a year or more in Europe and several months on a Greek island. He has written a book and is in the process of self-publishing it. He is taking orders and plans to print 150 copies. It will have about 240 pages with graphics. He is asking \$12 in advance for it and has almost that many orders already. I sent him my check. He is an interesting writer.

I met Irv in Berkeley when he lived in a little tool shed about 8'x10' behind a house of people. As I recall, all his walls were lined with books. We sat on the floor. It surely inspired me to do some of the things I have done. Once he stopped in to see me in Minnesota on one of his cross-country hitching trips. He is a very likeable easy going man with something to say. His address is now: Irv Thomas, 6545 Ravenna Avenue NE #307, Seattle, WA 98115.

Revolution?

Someone sent me a tape of Linda Thompson interviewed

on the Art Bell Show on 5-3-94. This lady is an attorney who seems to be well informed and talks about how bad and corrupt the government is. She says she has a huge armed following and has given the congress persons an ultimatum to become honest or be arrested by her gang and tried and hung from the highest lamp post.

People asked her on this show what she would replace our crooked government with, but she evaded that question. So one can only suppose she means to replace it with her own gang.

She admits that to threaten to arrest and kill congress persons could start a blood bath.

I have thought for a long time that the power-elite would use agent provocateurs to get a revolution going just to kill off their opponents and steal their property and sell lots of guns and ammunition at black market prices after they get the gun laws passed. They would arrest thousands of people and have an excuse to build and supply more prisons.

I try not to get sucked-in by these agent provocateurs. I will not help them. They are not working for the people. They are paid by the big money people. Prison contractors and suppliers make big bucks\$. Tax-payers pay from 40 to 80 thousand \$ per prisoner per year. Our best bet, I think, is to ignore them and work, "full speed ahead" to create our own individual Utopias. At least that is my plan.

Boundary Waters

On 6-9-94, my two sons, two grandsons and I left on a canoe camping trip on the boundary waters in northern Minnesota. We went to Isabella Lake on the Sawbill Trail. We went in from Illgen

on the shore of Lake Superior.

We had two sturdy plastic canoes, two tents, a kitchen tarp and all the rest of the gear.

There were two portages to make to reach the lake. The wind on the big lake made paddling very hard work. It was a good thing I had gotten myself in shape working on the garage and garden. I held up pretty well. I paddled the stern position. I hadn't canoed for 25 years but the ability was still with me. I gave the grandsons a few lessons in paddling from the stern (the stern paddler also does the steering).

We launched our canoes about noon so when we got to Isabella Lake all of the first five campsites were occupied. We had to fight the wind and waves across the whole lake to find an empty campsite. It is in a national forest and is free, except for a small reservation fee. The campsites are very primitive, i.e., an outside box with a toilet seat, three logs which were the remains of a picnic table and a fireplace grate. We made it into a home, away from home.

On some of the portages I carried a canoe upside-down over my head with the thwart resting on my shoulders. I had never done that before. It was not as difficult as I had imagined it would be.

After we got our camp set up the boys began fishing from the flat granite shore line. They had beginners luck and caught some Northern Pike and a Walleye. We had all the fish we could eat one this trip plus the food we brought along.

We had a huge Duluth pack with all our food in it and each night we pulled it up high into the air slung

on a rope between two trees. We didn't have any problem with bears. There was Moose spore near our campsite but we didn't see any moose.

An unafraid little chip monk kept our kitchen site crumb-free and also made an opening in our powdered milk bag. He left our other food alone.

On our first day at camp, one of the spinning rod tips flew off when a grandson was attempting to disengage a lure from a rock. It floated one-end-up out about twenty-five feet from shore and in water too deep to wade. No one felt like swimming, so I and one son took an empty canoe out and got it. In the process we tipped the canoe too far and it filled with water. We fell out and got wet up to our arm pits. Lucky it was shallow because we hadn't put on our life jackets. On our windy trip out, they weren't as tipsy because we had our heavy gear on the bottom of the canoes and that kept the center of gravity low.

We put on dry clothes and hung the wet ones on trees to dry. It rained on and off the first two days. The last two days were beautiful and sun shiny. The lake was surrounded by dense forest and no cottages and we couldn't see the other camps and seldom seen any of the other campers.

Thirteen year old grandson got bit all along his forehead hair-line (he had long hair). One eye swelled shut. I asked him the second day (it was still raining some) if he wished to go home. The brave little bugger said he wanted to stay. I would have been happy to leave as the weather was miserable. We had bug spray but everyone got bit a little. The bites swelled up a little

and itched, but they didn't really bother much. But near the eyes was a different story.

We lost a lot of lures in the stone outcroppings. Next time I go, I'll bring a mask and snorkel along and will not only recover my own lures but may find many more.

The boys fished from the canoes too. One day twenty year old grandson and two sons went exploring to some other lakes. They shot some more rapids. We had shot some on our way in to Isabella too. I had never done any whitewater canoeing and found it exciting. Two rapids were so steep we portaged our canoes and all our gear around them.

We had perfect weather the third and fourth days. Warm sunshine and enough breeze to keep the mosquitoes and flies away. We ate good and everyone pitched in with the work of wood cutting, cooking and dish washing.

The grandsons caught the fish. I taught them each how to clean them and one son taught them how to fillet them. He was at a disadvantage though, because we forgot to bring a filleting knife and he had to do it with my multibladed Swiss Army knife.

Another thing--the buck-saw we brought was no damn good. It would only saw in to the depth of the blade, then it would pinch. It was a hell of a job to saw up even a four inch pole for fire wood. We also forgot to bring a hatchet to trim the brush from the poles. We managed anyway and learned some lessons, I hope.

The first day water got into my tent somehow and got my sleeping bag very damp, I discovered when I went to bed. It was a poly bag that was good for

weather down to about 32°. I thought I could dry it out with my body heat. I did, but had a hard time keeping warm. I was very cold, even with wool pants and three shirts. I couldn't get warm. One son borrowed me a warm jacket and I laid that on my chest. I was still cold. Finally I tried to put it on while in my bag. I had my hood draw-string pulled tight so only my face was exposed and I struggled around in the dark in that mummy bag trying to find and get my arms into the sleeves. I wore myself out with that exercise. But it warmed me up. I gave up and untied the hood, unzipped the bag and put the jacket on and promptly fell asleep. I was warm the rest of the night and had a dry bag in the morning. I think I was very near to hypothermia. A warm woman would have been very convenient to be near then. Any volunteers?

The next day I tipped the tent over and dried out the bottom and tightened my rain fly and tucked in the ground cloth and had a dry tent and bag from then on.

Two sea gulls seemed to know when we caught fish and sat waiting patiently nearby until we cleaned our fish and then they ate everything except the heads, bones and fins, which we then buried.

A Loon often sang to us from the lake.

On our last day we took a short-cut off the lake and had only one long portage (35 rods) to make. Then I walked a mile to get one of the cars. I forgot to take a map on the walk to the car. (I also forgot to take a compass on this trip.) I tried to visualize the map and thought I was walking the road in the correct direction. I had some doubts

about it after the first half mile, but I lucked out and soon got to the cars.

We had never been in this area before. We had fun and plan to try the boundary waters again some time.

I had warned everyone the first night to check every inch of their bodies as soon as they went to bed for wood ticks. We didn't find any. That was a great relief. When I got home on June 13th, late in the evening, I went to the bathroom to drain my radiator. You wouldn't believe what I found on my radiator hose--a wood tick. He wasn't imbedded very far, but he had his claws very thoroughly attached. I put a few drops of kerosene on him and twisted him in a counter-clockwise direction. After an unbelievable number of revolutions he let go. I terminated him as I didn't wish to start a wood tick colony in Little Falls nor did I wish to give him a ride to his homeland.

I wonder if that may be Karma or something. No one else got ticks but the one who warned about them. I wonder if there is anything profound about this experience? I'll have to think about this.

Subscriptions

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To help create Utopia on Planet Earth, soonest.

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Ernest Mann